Bath 24th October 1823

2nd April. Tuesday.

Dear Richards,

So Good Friday a Holy-
day with you? If so, shall I come
and dine with you? Then I
intend, if convenient, to sleep at
your house on that night, to
dine at Camberwell on Saturday,
to sleep a second time at your
house, and on Sunday Morning
to drag you hither neck & heels,
giving you arguments for
cribbaging you as these. — two
for your heels & one for your head
— for what are you but a knave
to the Duke of Wellington? — heavens
preserve me! it never struck
me before that my friend Richards
was such low company. Since
you were here last I have
had inflamed eyes, a misery

which I was rather a stranger to, & being unable to read or write or walk out in the cold air, I scambered about my rooms making Palindrome verses, which, says the New Monthly, cannot possibly be composed in the English language. I have made one tolerable line, and one excellent line (tho' I say it), & these will furnish matter for a short article, — indeed shorter than I intended. If they do not please you, I am sure your daughter Harriet will be delighted with their oddity, — so I send them:

Evil is a name of foeman, as I live

Madam is an Eve, even as I'm

I made a third line which is bad:

Now, Sir, even Hannah never is

And, for your further amusement, I give you all my little sentences which were beyond my ability

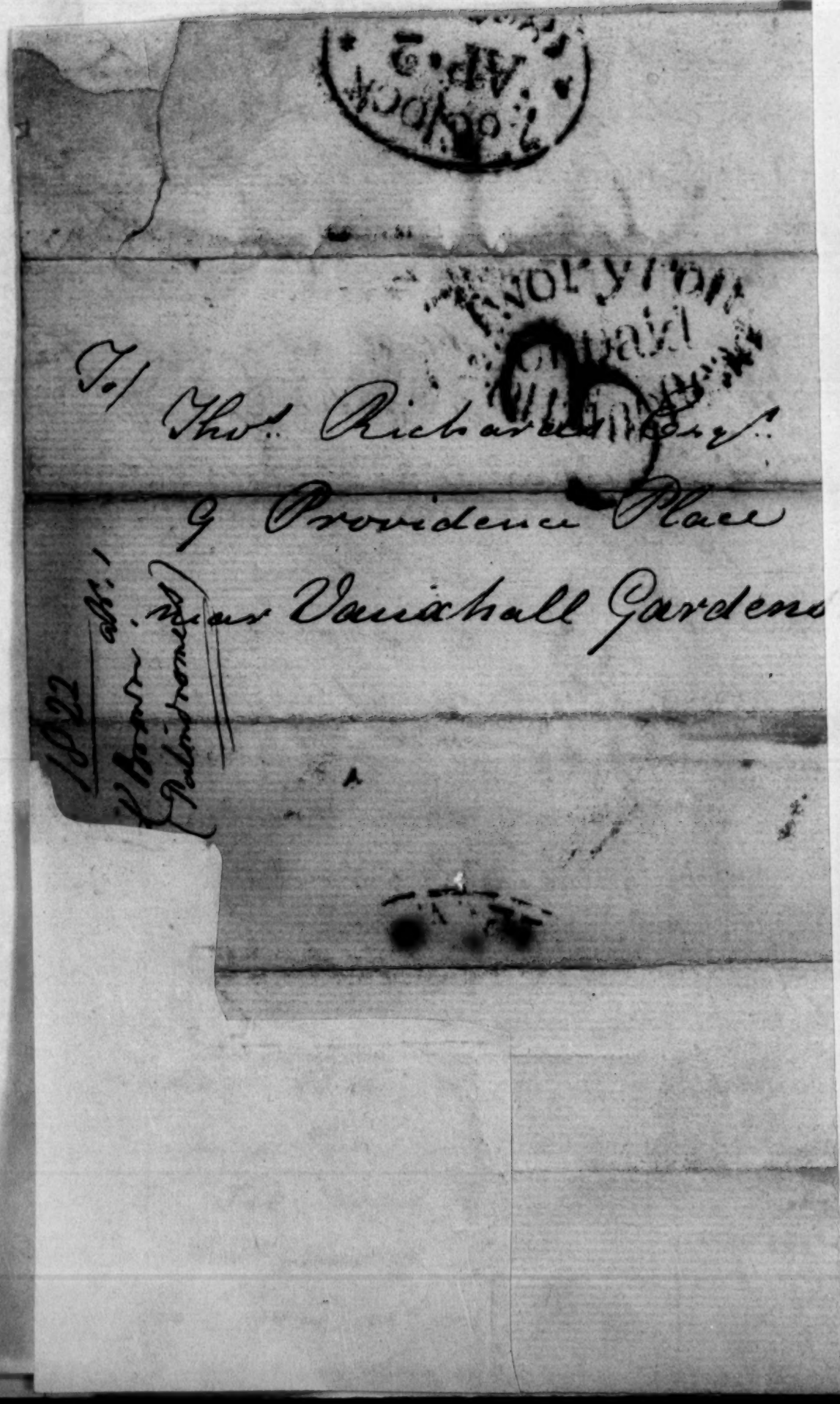
to work up into heroic or
any other kind of line :—
(Rail at a liar. Repel a leper.
Deny me no bad alone, my Hed!
Name no one man. Lived
as a Devil. Fled as a sad elf.
No, it is opposition.) This
last is extremely strange. It must
be confessed there are curiosities
in the language, but no more,
and I know of no apology for
making them except my bad eyes.
Give my loving compts to Mrs R.

Yours very truly,
Chas Brown

e!

Adam.

wore.



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